Malfoy needs to make amends.
What better way than to organise a peace treaty dinner party?
Chapter 1

Draco didn’t sign up for any of this, who in their right mind would willingly take responsibility for hundreds of kin? And now, he held his fathers’ pale hand in his own clammy ones. “D-Dad…” Malfoy choked, his silver eyes glassy with tears. His father was dying- the black mark on his wrist burning like ignited coal, it made Draco feel like his world was tipping upside down. “D-Draco… c-carry the mark” Lucuios breathed, his voice scratchy, lips cracked and bleeding from cold air. “I-I can’t! I don’t want to, don’t make me, p-please” Malfoy cried, burying his face into the freezing palms. Is this really how he would say goodbye?

“You were always a disappointment”

Limp, fallen down to drag the blanket on the bed, his father was dead. He was dead, and his last words to him were ‘you were always a disappointment’ Sadness, confusion, anger twisted and stabbed his guts violently. Suddenly, he felt like throwing up. This was all Voldemort’s fault, all his fault. And he can’t even kill the bastard cause some other lucky man had the honours of doing it first. It was all his fault, that his father was cursed with the death eater mark- bound to the cruellest cult known, and it’s Lucuios fault that he himself has to now live with it on his wrist.

Tears unknowingly bled down his pale cheeks, and he found himself staring aimlessly at the burning mark on his wrist. He was disgusting, wasn’t he? Draco didn’t want to end up on those emerald sheets, reaching out for air, desperately trying to catch his breath- choking on the inch of his life. He needed to find help. He dipped his quill in ink with shaky hands, knowing what he was doing was extremely risky. But it’s the only thing he could manage to think of.

Dear King Harry Potter, I write to you from the Kingdom of hollows as a new and presenting King. I soon, in 10 days will be known as King Draco Lucius Malfoy. Due to this interesting occurrence, I was awarded knowledge of the past between our kingdoms. I understand your people, and possibly still even you hold a heavy grudge against the horrible past-times we endured. I would like, as the New presenting King of the Hollow kingdom, invite you to a private and prestigious dinner party at my Castle. You will be escorted by my personally chosen men and taken straight to my castle where safety will be ensured. I will make clear instructions that you are generously welcome. Tomorrow, 5pm is preferred. Do send a letter back with your response. I look forward to meeting your company.

Regards, and sincerely,

Draco Malfoy
. Harry Potter had been the ruling King of Newhym since he was appointed after his father and mother’s cruel death. Their death was always shrouded with an irritating mystery, every person refusing to tell him what truly happened. Rumours said it was the vampires, said that their previous King Voldemort had heirs by names of Lucuios Malfoy, who had a son who had to bear the cruelty of his fathers’ ways. Did Potter feel bad for him? Not one bit, werewolves don’t bond well with vampires. And whatever happened to the boy, he surely deserved. He had been practicing his archery in his garden when the message arrived

. Auburn leaves broke underneath his boots, and the trees branches swayed lightly with the insistent wind. An arrow shot through the air, piercing through the target foam. “Bullseye” harry said proudly, spinning around his leg was bumped by his house elf. “Kreacher, I’m so sorry, I didn’t see yo- “ “No! it is okay, it is Kreachers fault, Kreacher bad” The shrivelled elf began the punish himself with the enclosed enveloped he held between his trembling fingers. Harry quirked an eyebrow “Stop” Harry pulled the elf out of their trance, kneeling to his height he shot him a look of sincerity. “What’s wrong?” Harry spoke softly. Kreachers eyes watered with admiration “Kreacher has envelope for master Potter, very very important information” Kreacher said nervously, handing the off-white file to his master. Potter smiled at the elf as he took it into possession. “Thank you, you can go now” Harry spoke, watching the elf hustle away keenly. An envelope? The kingdom rarely got letters, especially ones with a blood red wax seal, with the imprint of a bat sunken into pattern. He had a very bad feeling about it. His biceps flexed underneath the pressure he added to break the seal, opening it he revealed a quill- neatly written letter. And my god, was the handwriting perfect.

This person was definitely royal.

**Dearest King Harry Potter,**

_I write to you from the Kingdom of hollows as a new and presenting King. I soon, in 10 days will be known as King Draco Lucius Malfoy. Due to this interesting occurrence, I was awarded knowledge of the past between our kingdoms. I understand your people, and possibly still even you hold a heavy grudge against the horrible past-times we endured. I would like, as the New presenting King of the Hollow kingdom, invite you to a private and prestigious dinner party at my Castle. You will be escorted by my personally chosen men and taken straight to my castle where safety will be ensured. I will make clear instructions that you are generously welcome. Tomorrow, 5pm is preferred. Do send a letter back with your response. I look forward to meeting your company._

*Regards, and sincerely,*

*Draco Malfoy.*
Draco Malfoy huh? Anger swirled in his stomach, as he was **WELL** aware of their kingdoms past. After all, Voldemort did give him his hideous scar above his eyebrow and brutally murdered his parents. How could he agree to meet the person who once had close contact with such a cruel man? Was this Draco Malfoy just as evil? His eyes kept glancing over and over at the word “Draco Malfoy” Its cursive lines so pretty, his name so delicate. “Draco Malfoy” He said lowly, making sure his ears had the delicacy to hear such a beautiful surname. He couldn’t find it in his heart to reject him. He considered it dully, before making his way to his chambers. He knew exactly what he would respond with.

*Greetings, proposed King of Hollows, I kindly accept your invitation. Though, I do have conditions that need to be met. You will reward my co-operation with a public sincere apology to my people and sign a peace treaty.*

*Regards,*

*Harry Potter*

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*Agreed.*

*The carriage will arrive at 4:30 exactly. S,*

*Draco Malfoy*

-- Harry squinted his eyes to look clearer at the carriage men. Was it real? He hadn’t seen a vampire since he was a baby, especially ones that weren’t trying to kill him. “King Malfoy sent us, your lordship. Please entrust us with your journey” They said slowly, a lace of venom sitting underneath their tongues. Harry could tell they were trying their hardest to not break conduct. It made him smirk. He entered the black and red carriage, the insides walls were blood red velvet, the seats a snow-white Italian leather. Harry could tell this Malfoy would be an obnoxious asshole already. The road was bumpy, and tough. His eyes saw many landscapes he hadn’t had the opportunity to witness before. The dried-out trees that stretched upwards to find clouds, the colourless blades of grass that sung in rhythm with the breeze. He almost felt intimidated. *Almost.*
Then it came into view, the high castle, black and sharp- its details beautifully woven. He guessed it must've taken hundreds of years to get the manor to look so intricate. The gargoyles hanging heavily by the dips of the roof ends only seemed to fascinate him, the spiked gates that were obvious heavy metal- possibly drilled into the ground, as seen from the damaged dirt. This only made him more curious. Maybe he wouldn’t lose his head today. As he was escorted, he walked with confidence up to the towering door. His calloused hands came to bring the ring on the door down harshly, repeating it twice- ignoring the whispers from the Kings servants behind him. He sniffed, smelling something expensive. Was that wine- The door swung open- his face was hit with a strong scent of perfume. Harry took a long step back, coughing violently. “it’s Lalique’s Le Parfum dear”

The voice was snobby, and it made Harry sick. Until he turned around and felt his head spin. So pale, like snow- their hair was platinum white, eyes silver, lips tinted with pink flush, and body skinny and tall. This man made Harry want to drop to his knees. “Hello? Are you a King or a servant, get off my floors” Malfoy said sternly. And that’s when Harry realised, that was Draco Malfoy. The Draco Malfoy that owns this enormous castle, the Draco Malfoy that even with his name stole Harrys breath. Harry coughed into his fist, fixing his posture he regained his composure. “Greetings King Malfoy, I’m King Potter of Newhym, pleasure to meet you” Harry presented his hand, earning a cocked eyebrow from Malfoy- and then a cheeky smirk.

“The pleasures all mine, King Potter” Dracos eyes were piercing his own, as if he were digging into his skin, trying to read his mind. He saw the kings tongue dart to lick his lips, a sharp fang grazing the pink muscle. For the first time ever, King of Werewolves, fearless Harry Potter felt nervous. “Well, come in then, dinner is quite ready” Malfoy gestured, marking his hands towards the inside of his house. Potter cautiously walked in, following the beautiful King. Malfoys hips swayed, his faux fur coat hung off his shoulders, the shadow grey tiger pattern complimenting his eyes. A vampires’ manor was much much different than a werewolf that’s for sure. Vampires seemed to love lavish, expensive Victorian objects, as werewolves preferred homely, warm houses.

Malfoys castle felt cold and made his bones tremble. They entered the dining hall, a large room-decorated beautifully with gold and black inlays wall-wise, a heavy chandelier hanging from the ceiling- diamonds hitting like gasoline in Harrys eyes.

“This is… my god, your majesty, you have a marvellous castle” Harry gawked, eyes wide as he
drowned in the glory. Malfoy smiled “Please, call me Draco” Draco made his way to the long table, presenting various foods, and expensive wines. Aged cheese, with the finest meats he didn’t even think were available. Harry took a seat, watching the delicate King take his seat as well. Harry really, couldn’t believe he was real. “So, Harry Potter, I’ve heard a lot about you from my father, mostly bad stuff. Mostly that you’re a half breed of were-wolf and wizard which makes you a very-very race case” Malfoy intertwined his fingers, resting his chin on their stability. Harry gulped, his mouth going dry. “Yes, and I’ve heard nearly nothing about you from anybody, except for the fact that you are unloved and slowly being forgotten, a pureblood vampire” Harry spat back, his eyes were trained on those enchanting ones. He saw embarrassment burn across the Kings face, his eyes fiery with anger. “How dare you? In my own home?” Draco echoed, his voice timid yet loud in the expanse of the hall.

“We came here to do two things, a peace treaty, and a dinner, not to discuss race Draco” Harry muttered, his hands reached for the wine glass, swirling it curiously he watched the Kings rage die down. “You’re right, I’m not like my father, I’m here to settle things.” Dracos pale cheeks were still rosy from his outburst, so with a quick sip of red wine he began to talk “I understand my fathers’ previous ruler had committed war crimes against your parents and left you with a curse. I’m here to bond, possibly share my experience to understand one another” Malfoy said with such etiquette it made Harry want to laugh. “Your experience? What could you understand about pain? Trying to live with knowing the only thing unique about you is a hideous scar left by a bastard” Harrys words were harsh and made Malfoy tremble. “Voldemort branded me” Malfoy whispered, his head cast down to the empty plate of food.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows “Pardon?” “Voldemort branded me! He gave me a permanent scar as well you selfish bastard! You aren’t the only one whose suffered, I’m constantly reminded everyday of what I could never be to my father, constantly reminded of the torture I endured” Malfoy bellowed, he was standing now, his eyes blazing with a passion Harry had never witnessed. The king walked over to Harrys seat, grabbing him by the collar Malfoy stared at him with agony. Then Harry looked down, saw the mark. The famous mark, of a death eater. He recoiled, getting out of his seat he was horrified. “You’re a death eater…” Harry muttered, his heart thumping violently as he watched the pitch-black mark swirl against unblemished skin. Malfoy began walking close. “Scared, Potter?” Harry Potter was a werewolf, he wasn’t a coward, in fact, pride ran in his blood. He closed the gap, throwing the vampire against the wall with such force it caused the Kings nose to bleed. “A-Ah” Malfoy yelped, blood dripping from his nose, but he didn’t look like he was hurt, it looked like he enjoyed it. “I’m not scared, not one bit, you pathetic blood-sucker” Harry gritted out through his teeth, watching that pretty smile form on his face, fangs bearing pearly white. “That makes both of us then” Draco whispered, his breath felt tight with the way Potter was holding the collar of his white blouse.

“But I still sympathise with you” Potter murmured, letting go, he watched disappointment flash across Malfoys eyes. “So, no rough-housing big bad wolf?” Draco teased, biting his lip he watched Potters muscles tense with stress. “I’m not going to hurt you Malfoy, lets sign this treaty so I can go home” Harry spat out, his eyes wandering over the bloody blouse Malfoy was now flaunting. “Fine,
but I’ll have you know I was considering offering a different kind of peace treaty” Malfoy slurred, eyes drowning in lust. He turned on his heel, walking away to gather the contract papers. Harry quirked an eyebrow “Different kind?” He asked cautiously, following the vampire he watched a smirk grace his sunken cheeks. “Interested?” Malfoy clicked his tongue, leaning his back against the table, his hands grabbing onto the edge for leverage as he undressed the werewolf with his eyes.

Harry Potter was dense. “To be completely honest, my handwriting is disgraceful, so if the alternative doesn’t involve ink then I’m in” Harry nodded keenly. It made Draco chuckle, he thought Potter really looked like a puppy in that moment. “So, you’re willing to co-operate with my choice?” Dracos voice was heavy with greed, his nails caressing the mahogany wood. “Depends, doesn’t it?” Harry said softly, his eyes lowering to watch how Malfoy had crossed his legs in such a fashion that it was almost feminine. He did have quite slender legs. “Depends?” Malfoy licked his lips, leaning back further against the antique table, his pale diamond eyes cursed Harrys blood to run hot. “Well, how will we conduct this treaty?” Harry asked dumbly, tilting his head sideways with a confused expression he remained unaffected by the vampires’ words. Although Malfoy was beginning to look extremely appetising.

“hmm… I Was thinking, you, and me, create a special peaceful bond, specifically you putting your knot in me” Malfoy was unashamed, his legs unfolding, to reveal his obvious tent- the velvet black pants doing justice to his figure. Harry felt his head spin, was it hot in here? “M-My knot…?” Harry stuttered, hot blush maiming his cheeks. It didn’t seem like a bad idea, he did prefer blokes… and he did find the vampire king quite attractive. “Yes, are you deaf Potter?” Malfoy remarked, obviously trying to rile the other king up. Potter was still stunned, stuck in his head filled with provocative images. Then he snapped out of it, lowering his gaze to sink into Malfoys grace “I can only do that with my mate, I’m sorry King Malfoy, but for my peoples it’s a sacred process and I am yet to have my mate presented” Harry sounded sincere, bowing lowly, his white knight heart was leaping to bury Malfoy with apologies. Malfoys face flushed red with embarrassment. How dare he reject him? Had Potter not felt the hot poison obviously hanging in the air, when their knuckles brushed at the dining table- the electricity that kissed his skin so passionately it made his bones ache.

The look in Potters eyes at first greeting, the stars in his eyes, desire so obvious that it made him want to hurt the king. “Are you that bloody dull!?" Malfoy bellowed, he stood up straight, posture firm he presented his anger clearly. “Are all were-wolves as dense, inbred, idiotic and rude as you!” Malfoy was screaming now, his eyes fiery, nose so close to Potters that if he inched just a bit further their lips could meet. Oh, how much he wanted Potter to submit and do oh-so many things to him. He’d let the were-wolf destroy him if it meant he could feel those strong hands on his cold skin. Warmth, he
needed it. And for some reason his body wanted his kingdoms enemy’s warmth. Harry was struggling, his lungs were rapidly punishing themselves, unable to handle the sight of a riled Draco Malfoy. His dishevelled white hair, silver eyes, and pink that glazed his porcelain skin- he felt like he had to give this man his knot. So badly. “Well? Stare? And say nothing!? How typical, in fact, call the treaty off- I don’t want my kingdom in alliance with a brute animal” The king sneered, he turned on his heel, storming off.

Potter didn’t think. He just felt his instincts choke his throat. “Wait!” The heat admitting from Potters hands were un-nerving, his wrist was pulsing with ache. He pulled the vampire close to him, the strong arms capturing his shoulders in a bruising grip. Malfoy was flushed, and shy. “I can’t say no” Harry said boldly, his own lips needing the occasionally saliva to make sure he could still speak. “You’ve made it clear what you think of me… but let me tell you what I think of you” Harry said bitterly. Though his voice was rough, Malfoy could see something in Potters eyes. Possibly kindness? Pity? He didn’t know, but he did know he was a righteous bastard. “I think you’re a selfish, lonely, afraid, lost, coward who needs this” Malfoy said, his voice softer now- he let one of his hands trail up to tip the delicate chin upwards. His thumb caressed the skin between his jaw and neck, massaging it tenderly.

Malfoys heart flipped on its side, his face getting hotter by the minute. The werewolf’s fingers felt soothing against his cheek. “So, you don’t want it?” Malfoy said softly back, his eyes watching how desire drowned Potters pupils. Malfoy stood closer, pressing their noses together, he shut his eyes- afraid that he would see the disgust in the kings’ face. Malfoys pale eyelashes tickled Harrys cheeks, making his body churn. His hand was now holding his jaw with care, he pressed against him carefully, feeling the dry skin of their lips barely touch by an inch. “You have no idea how much I want it” Harry whispered, needily. His breath was hot against the vampires lips- he simply couldn’t take it much more. Before Malfoy had a chance to reply, his lips were captured in a chaste kiss.

Those hands sending desire up his spine- tingling his nerves erratically. Harry tilted his head, deepening the kiss- Malfoy reciprocated back, sliding his tongue against the soft lips of stubborn Harry Potter. Potter massaged their lips, giving a firm squeeze on his slim hips, as he slipped his tongue between those sweet- lips. Alcohol. Malfoy tasted so much like wine, that- or Harry was getting drunk off of the taste of parfum and vanilla- maybe a hint of coconut? Whatever it was, it had harry pushing the vampire against the desk roughly, biting on those lips to draw blood. Malfoy moaned in his mouth, pushing his knee against the growing bulge in the kings’ pants.
Never breaking the fervent kiss, Harry's hands were wandering- discovering Malfoy's supple body. The way his ribs beautifully filmed themselves into a tight curve, meeting his plush hips, soft- like marble to the touch- Who was Malfoy to deny? When Harry had thrown him onto the desk, ripping his pantaloons straight from his legs. Draco blushed, crossing his legs he suddenly felt embarrassed. “D-Don't look please” Draco whimpered, neck thrown back in pleasure- melting with the kisses the werewolf pressed all over his belly. Harry smiled “Don’t worry, I promise I won’t hurt you” Harry was so kind, so gentle- it made Draco want to cry. His lips were careful, wet- tongue sucking and marking the pale flesh to any extent he could manage. Soon his muscular arms were pushing the blouse off his lithe body, the blood from their previous incident must have sunk through the silk and got onto his skin. Harry thought it was pretty. Malfoy was squirming, having Potter between his legs, hands holding his thighs for leverage as he lapped on his nipples with thirst. He had never felt so needed. Potter rutted against the soft thighs, his will slowly being torn apart. It felt like his whole body was on fire. Was it a full moon? Cause’ the way Malfoy had him desperate for his body like he was in rut was shocking. He couldn’t help himself, drowning in the keen moans from the vampire. “A-Ah… Harry… H-Harry” Malfoy whimpered, his thin fingers winding themselves through chocolate locks, pulling roughly. He bucked his hips upwards, rutting against the werewolf, his knickers being the only thing keeping him from being free. “Fuck” Potter cursed, before ripping his wear off, leaving him in the same condition as Malfoy. He sat back, parting from the covered flesh.

He took in the sight of the blooming hicckeys on his skin, purple- blue. Black, mixed with dark blood. Potters stomach swirled, his cock was twitching in his boxers. Malfoy was panting, slipping off his knickers he wrapped a hand around his cock, tugging at it desperately. Harry nearly screamed. He couldn’t take it! How could someone be so enchanting? Harry nearly screamed. Harry nearly screamed. Harry nearly screamed. He pulled down his own underwear, presenting his thick cock to the boys’ eyes. Malfoys eyes widened, then he moaned, his eyes hazy and wet with lust. Draco sat up, still touching himself he bit his lip, reaching for the cock he touched it cautiously with the tip of his finger.

He had long fingernails. Harry cursed under his breath, sucking in air he watched the boy curiously play with his cock. “Have you done this before?” Harry asked roughly, his voice heavy with lust. Malfoy slid off the desk, onto his knees he peeked underneath his eyelashes at the strong king. “No” Then he took the large cock into his mouth, sending Harrys head back to hit the wall, his eyes screwed shut in pleasure. Malfoys tongue swirled, sucking and bobbing in motions that made his stomach quell. “F-Fuck… D-Draco, so good… so good for me” Harry babbled, he tangled his hands in the blonde hair, roughly tugging at it. Malfoy whimpered, tears breaching his eyes as he looked up at Harry. The look was indescribable, the want, the joy, the vehement radiating from his gaze. He began thrusting, his hips canting in and out of the mans mouth, seeing his cheeks hollow to accommodate the size.

There was shock blooming across the vampires’ face, he had never felt this before. The hot flesh pulsing, throbbing against the walls of his mouth- he could feel every vein, every bitter taste of pre-
cum staining his throat. He hummed, blinking rapidly, his tears wet the base of the cock. He wasn’t afraid at all, the brutal grip Harry had on the roots of his hair seemed to assure him in an odd way. The pace grew, his jaw growing numb- trying not to pierce his manhood with his fangs. Harry kept thrusting, in and out- stretching and testing how deep Draco could take him. Draco went down to the base, nose nestled in his nest of curly pubes- the smell of cinnamon could never have been sweeter.

He hummed, his fingers fondling the tight balls delicately, eyes burning into Harrys brain. Bobbing his head, twisting, flicking that intricate tongue- Harry couldn’t stand it, he saw hot white and tossed his head back so harshly- he thought he could’ve broken skin. Malfoys eyes widened, his lips stretched around the long expanse- and now his mouth overflowing with Harrys manly spunk. Pulling out of the sweet mouth, harry watched Malfoy gulp, streams of cum spilling down the corner of his mouth. He looked so destroyed. Harrys ego was exploding- he, werewolf king defiled Draco Malfoys sharp, royal mouth. “I-I really want that knot” Malfoy whined, on his knees. From this height, he looked so vulnerable, so powerless. But his looks, they definitely did justice towards his title of king. He was absolutely breathtaking. “You’ll get it...” Harry growled, pulling Malfoy up by his slender hands- his cock hardening at the realisation his knees were red and blue from kneeling. His chest- covered in hickies- Harry really wanted this... It almost felt like Malfoy was his mate.

Malfoy had his legs spread wide, revealing his sacred parts to Harrys disposal. Potter could feel his heart running- running so fast, like he was under a full moon, like he could feel the breeze again, taste the ocean water on his tongue- Malfoy made him feel everything he thought he lost. So, he paused, the room full of needy- pants and anticipation. “You’re so beautiful” Harry whispered, Before he locked lips with Malfoys puffy ones. The boy wrapped his legs around Potters waist, tightening his hold, keening at their cocks rubbing against one another. Their lips were dancing, Harry fighting for dominance as he let a hand travel to rub his hole provocatively. That made him gasp, so he took that chance and slipped his tongue in, discovering all of Malfoys mouth with his own. Oh- he loved it too much. Harry pulled away, out of breath- locking eyes with hot silver. “You do want this right?” Harry gasped, his thumb still rubbing the hole- the temptation to fuck it all and stick his cock in raw was drilling his mouth dry. “More than I c-can tell you” Malfoy whimpered, pushing his hips down onto the fingers, he looked at him with glassy eyes. Harry sucked on his fingers, teasing the vampire by sucking and licking. He swore he heard a breathy ‘fuck’ Then he put one finger in slowly, gently.

“Ah... that’s weird” Draco exclaimed, his hips twitching with desire. The feeling felt odd, foreign- Harrys thick, calloused fingers were entering him, pumping in and out, rubbing the walls of his arse like he was born for it. “Don’t worry... it should get better” Harry assured, giving a soft kiss to Dracos lips, he crooked his finger, digging deeper. “AH!” Malfoy yelped, back arching. “Got it” Harry smirked, he began going faster, his finger twirling, twisting- until he added another one. This is where Malfoy thought he might have gone insane.
His wings were ripping out through his shoulder blades, black-ridged bat wings. Harry found it odd, that they were flaming hot. Malfoys fangs were obvious now, blood dripping down his chin from biting his lip too hard. Harrys stomach swirled, he was bathing in the desperate moans of the vampire. He kept pushing, going deeper inside of Malfoy. He wanted to touch every sacred place he had to offer. “A-Ahh… harry, please…” Draco moaned, his hands finding leverage onto Harrys shoulders, his long fingernails pierced through his skin painfully. But it only made Harry go faster, he felt Malfoys hot wet tongue lap up the blood he drew from him, his cock aching now. Surely it was purple. He jerked his own cock desperately, in a fit he pulled the fingers out, pressing the head of his cock roughly against the soft pink furl.

Recklessly, he thrust in deep, a full 7 inches filling up Dracos insides. “AH!” A scream, so loud-surely his people could hear it. He went rapidly, like an animal. His instincts were taking over when he felt Malfoys wet hole contract and squeeze his cock. “Fuck d-Draco” Harry moaned, his hips canted at a pace that had Draco incoherent. “H-Ha… r-r-ry… A-a-a” Draco babbled, his eyes rolling back in pleasure. It was too much, when Harrys werewolf took over, his large hands growing nails sharp and black- his chest covered in curled hair, his cock thrummed, throbbed inside of his arse. Malfoy was losing his mind, the feeling of being full was insane. It was building up in the pit of his stomach, by now the carpet they were lying on would have to be thrown away for sanitary precautions. Dracos throat went dry, his eyes darting to watch blood drip from the man’s shoulders.

He reached over, lapping at it as he got fucked hard. Drinking up his blood- it was so sweet, such a satisfying and addictive taste. His cock bounced with every thrust, slapping his stomach violently. If Harry didn’t slow down- he’d cum. “I-I’m… C-Cum.” Malfoy cried out, neck exposed, pale flesh-unmarked. Harrys pupils dilated, throwing the vampires legs over his shoulders he fucked him deeper, aching to reach that expanse of fresh skin. Unmarked. Un marked. Unmarked. Harry could feel the hot, rapid breath of Malfoy against his neck- it only prompted him more. Harry graced his own sharp fangs against the soft skin of his neck, the part where his jaw met his eat and searched down to his collarbone looked so fresh. So unmarked. His pace got faster, heat building in his loins. “Fuck, gonna knot you, gonna make you mine, you want that huh? Want that you slut?” Harry growled, licking the spot he was gonna taint.

Malfoy whimpered “Yesyesyes” Then he thrusted one last time, deep, slow he made sure his cock would shape Malfoys asshole, leave his mark so that he knew he was his. Fangs dug deep into Dracos neck, a scream cried from his lips of pleasure as his body convulsed. Cum shot from his cock, untouched. Harrys pupils dilated, throwing the vampires legs over his shoulders he fucked him, untouchable. Harry stayed inside, his cock growing bigger, thicker- Malfoy was shivering, his body struggling to handle the ritual. But Harry took his fangs out, lapping over the mating mark gently, with care. They both let out a heavy sigh, harry pulled Malfoy onto his side, spooning him with his cock resting inside still. Ignoring the whimpers from the mated vampire.
“how long…” Malfoy muttered, skin sweaty, sticky with his fluid, unable to concentrate with the constant expansion of the knot inside him. “Ah… few hours?” Harry smiled nervously, he chuckled when Malfoy cursed and smacked his arm. “Bloody hell! Really?” Malfoy said in shock, eyes wide he glanced over at the werewolf, he never thought emerald could be so pretty besides for a sheet or doona. “You asked for it, and- now we’re mated, and peace is established.” Harry stated, nuzzling his head in the crook of Malfoys neck- the stubble rubbed against the pale skin, making Malfoy giggle. He let Harry take care of the mark by licking it to improve healing, possibly stealing a sneaky kiss underneath the vampires’ ear. “I guess we ended up bonding, huh?” Potter remarked starkly Malfoy chortled, his eyes lighting up beautifully “Guess we did”
Harry and Draco’s relationship is established. And the Kingdom is obliged to accept their treaty.

Vampires and Werewolves had been in a generational war, ever since the dawn of time. Anything other than that- just wasn’t accepted nor done. One had fangs, and drank blood- could turn into a bat, control minds, had unspeakable powers. The other could transform into a wolf, had large fangs as well, claws, and could run at paces not fathomed.

Both feared each other, especially the Kingdoms- due to fear that the monarchs had put into their people- that fear gave them somebody to fight against instead of fighting against themselves. They gave the people a group to deteriorate so that they could save themselves. Quite a smart strategy, but a dull, useless, and ruthless act.

Draco Malfoy didn’t fear Harry Potter- not at all.

Head buried into his hairy chest, inhaling the scent of his out-of-country cologne. He had never smelt it before, vampires only wore the finest parfums. But Werewolves, they smelt like instinct. They smelt like freedom, and Draco Malfoy was drowning in it.

Was he worried about the chaos that would break loose within the kingdoms?

Not one bit, not when Harry carded his fingers through his long blonde locks soothingly. His sleepy eyes blinking at him with surprise.

“Morning, King” Draco muttered, pulling out of the warm chest, the blanket fell off his shoulder-revealing pale, thin arms. They called for Harry.

“Morning…” Harry grumbled- his hair was a mess, his arms sore, his mouth buzzing with the taste of skin. Draco crawled over, situating himself atop of the wolves’ lap, he ran his long fingernails down the tan skin, across his collarbones- across his neck, tipping his chin upwards. Harry shivered.

“I believe, you’re mine now” Draco enunciated, his lips curling into a smile. His eyes were
devilishly beautiful. Harry Potter simply couldn’t resist him at all.

“Oh, am I now?” Harry mocked, eyebrow cocking, he let his own smile grace his face. They both challenged each other with looks of dominance. The vampire nodded, leaning down, he prodded his tongue at Harry’s belly button, making eye contact he began to trace Harry’s happy trail with his tongue, till he reached the centre of his chest. He pressed his own chest against Harry—giving the satisfaction of skin.

Harry growled, his hands coming to grasp those plump arse cheeks possessively. Draco giggled, his long nails dug into where his tongue stopped—the centre. His eyes dared Harry. “If I had the courage, I’d eat your heart…” Draco whispered, breath hot against his ear, Draco took his earlobe between his lips giving a sharp bite. The wolves stomach flipped with arousal, his cock twitching. His cheeks heated up, squeezing his cheeks one more time—he threw Malfoy unto the other side of the bed, immediately towering over him.

“And if I had the courage, I’d deliver it right into your hands” Harry murmured, clouded with lust he attacked Dracos neck. Moans were heard, echoed. “Ah… H-Harry” Draco cried, the warm sensation of his tongue and lip soothing the mating mark made his body quiver.

Then a loud knock came. “King? You are summoned” Deep, heavy voice—it stung Harry’s ears, made his nose twitch. Violently, he pounced off of Malfoy—leaving the soft man draped in stained sheets.

Malfoy panicked only slightly, eyes widening, he wanted to stop him—but he decided it was best to let it be. Butt-naked Harry made his way to the chamber door, fuming with anger. He opened it, eyes locking with a tall, handsome man.

“U-Uh…” He stuttered, eyes searching around the palace, everywhere except for Harry’s pride. Then a disgusted expression

“My god, it smells like wet dog in here” Harry growled, his fangs bearing terrifying, sharp, making the man step back. “W-W-Were-wolf… HAVE YOU EATEN THE KING?” voice of terror, his eyes were shocked, watching Harry get more irritated.

Malfoy sighed. Slipping out of his silk sheets, he threw the duvet over his shoulders, swaying his body he came unto the door. He let his back fall against the door pillars. “I’m right here sir Ulzar, and I’m quite un-consumed” Malfoy licked his lips, his throat trying hard not to erupt in laughter at the sight of the puzzled fledgling. Harry calmed, his nose twitching, it seemed the scent of Malfoys parfum—the smell of their bond
made his body relax. He wrapped his arms around the lithe hips of the slender vampire, both their eyes now watching the helpless sired.

“I… who is this animal, king?” The knight asked very slowly, cautiously, he was standing at least a metre away now.
“He is, our new alliance” Malfoy said proudly, head lifting to kiss those soft lips above him. He then watched as the knight ran fast, giving the blonde the room, he needed to break out in laughter.

Harry was hypnotised, so pretty- he thought.

He dragged Malfoy by the inch of his silk, pulling him down to the bed. Draco sat atop him once again, looking down at harry he saw green swirl in his eyes.

Such an enigmatic sight.

“I Will surely be sent for the guillotine for this” Draco said amusingly, eyes filled with light. Though, it wasn’t amusing towards Harry. The werewolf had his arms secure around the waist of the beauty,

“Was this treaty a mistake?”

Harry asked.
He sounded awfully sad.

“Quite the opposite my mate” Malfoy smiled softly, eyes melting into an affection Harry didn’t think a heartless vampire could possess. Maybe they had feelings too.

Harry’s thumb massaged soothing circles into the side of his jaw- eyes boring holes into the raw mating mark on the vampires’ mark, it was healing nicely- covered in scab now. His stomach swirled. “I won’t let anyone hurt you” Harry comforted the vampire, watching his silver eyes turn into pools of adoration.

“I didn’t know werewolves could fall in love so easily” Draco cocked an eyebrow, arching his back he pressed his chest against his mate, burying his head in the crook of Harry’s neck. It smelt so divine. It was home.

Harry shivered “we were always destined to be mates, I could feel it” Harry whispered, hand tracing patterns on the soft skin of Malfoys back. His spine was curved, leading to Dracos plump arse- so delicate and all Harrys. His other hand had a cheek in its hand, possessively- he kissed the crown of the white hair.

Draco had no clue that Werewolves were able to mate anyone out of their own pack, the fact Harry had sacrificed his whole ethics to be with him, to mate him- to unite their kingdoms had his knees weak in a hot minute.

“Surely you can understand King, the people… they can’t accept this!” Luvos screamed, his anger obvious as he knelt by Draco Malfoy. The Vampire smirked, shifting on Harrys lap- he laced their fingers together. “They will, or at least they’ll learn to. We will create a divine race, there will be no more war, we will be able to sleep
without fear” Malfoy said assertively, his crown digging into his scalp. It was much too big for him and made him feel foolish. Harry soothed the King with circles on his hipbones- the long green silk gown allowing access and comfort.

The knight was struck with horror, getting up from his position he had a look of betrayal on his face. “You’ve gone mad” He said, terrified. Draco just leant forward, his eyes swirling with black, red, sliver- sending shots of fever down the fellow vampires’ spine. “No, I’ve gotten rational, no go forth and spread the word. There will be no more objections- or there will be punishment!” Draco roared, voice reaching heavens. Harry felt arousal prick at his skin.

Seeing his mate like this, all riled up- a gown that touches the ground, adorned with gold and ordering around peasants for the sake of their bond.

His skin was scorching.

The knight was saddened, but nonetheless, he bowed. Shamefully he turned on his heel and left.

Malfoy then dug his nails into the thighs of his mate, anger rushing through his veins. “This is not un-natural, why should anyone be bound to one race?” Draco cried, he faced Harry now, tears in his eyes. The werewolf felt sadness plague his heart. He wiped a tear from his sore eyes “It’s not, they will learn, do not fear my King, we will rule, and we will rule well” Harry growled, fangs biting possessively into Malfoys ear.

The vampire whimpered, pushing down onto the growing tent in Harrys pants. Draco was so helplessly affected by his mates’ words, rutting back and forth he keened into the feeling of the large cocks’ outline rubbing between his pale cheeks. The gown began to irritate him.

Hold him back.

Harry was helpless beneath him, as Draco dug his fingernails into Harrys curled chest, he used his cock willingly, rubbing- whining. “A-Ah.” Harry grunted, hands bruising into Malfoys hips.

Draco snaked his hand down to rub his own cock, the see-through gown giving Harry an eyeful of everything he needed, everything he wanted. Their hearts pounded in unison, one of Dracos hands had now pulled out Harrys hard cock from his slacks- rubbing his own length against his mates. “D-Draco… fuck” Harry bit his lip till he drew blood, his hands were frantic is memorising every inch of Malfoys soft skin. The vampire threw his head back, silk gown slipping off his shoulders so
sensually- the sight made Harrys stomach twist.

Then Draco slipped off his lap, those slender legs rubbing cruelly against his clothed thighs. He knelt down, wide eyed- he had a needy look running down his skin. “I will re-iterate… you are mine” Draco said boldly, his palms spreading across Harrys thighs, running upwards to tease the dripping head of his cock with his pointed fingernail. Harry felt dizzy- how had it come to this?

He felt no regret, Draco was destined to be his mate, and Harry was destined to be here right now- unite the kingdoms, and get his cock sucked.
Draco was laughing under his breath, his finger teasing the head. Potter bit his lip “Get on with it…” He said, more rudely than he wanted, nonetheless- it earnt him a sharp intake of breath from Draco. The formed wet patch was mainly what had inclined the vampire to giggle, but now- he took the elastic between his teeth and pulled the boxers down.

“Ah” The cock sprung up, slapping him in the face quite roughly. Those beads of pre-cum smearing across his pale flesh. Malfoy enjoyed it more than he probably should have- his people were outraged, their screams fuzzy, he himself glad he couldn’t hear them well through the thick stone walls.

And he certainly didn’t care, not when his tongue could feel every vein on the hard cock, pulsing against his warm tongue, encouraging him to take more. Given kitten licks to the gum head, he locked eyes with Harry- the darkened lust in his eyes sending shivers down his spine. Gripping the base with one hand, he gently ran his finger tips against the sides, absolutely entranced by his cock. It was enchanting.

“C’mon Draco…” Harry growled, he ran his fingers through the blonde hair, tugging on it roughly. The Vampire swallowed needily, licking his lips he then took the head in his mouth, slowly making his way down the pulsating manhood.
Harry was in tatters, “By the heavens…”

Draco smirked, the corners of his mouth tight around his thick cock. He began to bob up and down, his hand at the bottom giving delicate touches to the base, running from his bollocks to its original pace. Harry so badly wanted to shove his cock down the boys’ throat, see his nose nestled in his curly pubes- watch the corners of his mouth overflow with his spunk.

Draco cocked an eyebrow as if he could read his mates mind. Harry felt his cheeks grow hot at that thought, desperately he bucked his hips up when the boy began to hum around the length. The tight grip Malfoys mouth had around him was unbearable, wet and warm. Almost as good as his asshole.
Almost.
Malfoy then dared, he dared.
Dared and tried to reach the hilt of Harry's cock, his throat restricting- gagging around him. Harry watched Malfoys eyes roll into his head, his throat push against itself, refusing to let him in. It sent him moaning, yanking the blonde hair and pushing him down. Malfoy looked shocked, scared.
He was thrown down to the hilt, tears prickling and falling down from his eyes.
He cried out on the cock, his body trembling. Harry was panting, hair matted to his forehead with lust. “G-Good boy… see, you can take my cock, all your holes can take my cock… can’t they my little King?” Harry groaned, neck exposing his bobbing Adams apple. Draco looked at Harry dishevelled, his eyes teary and needy- lips red- puffy, and finally.

His nose buried in Harry's pubes.
Oh, how graceful he looked, the tight constriction around his cock, the image of that pointed nose forced to inhale his natural scent- He growled. Malfoys tongue was still lapping, he began pulling away, starting to bob up and down again. The heat only increased, as if his mouth was made to suck Harrys cock.
He watched Malfoys hand pump faster around his own length, on his haunches his arse looked deliciously plump- the green silk gown now pushed off his shoulders, sweat stuck it on his backside, accentuating his figure. He wished it would last forever.

Malfoy was also drowning in lust, the feeling of having Harry so deep in- all the way down his throat, the smell he had the pleasure of drinking up that manly musk, the way he was now desperately lapping and bobbing on the length like a last resort, like it was his lifeblood. Werewolves were too natural, so much instinct. Vampires could never do this, they could give you romance, but they could never give Draco what Harry gave him. Harry gave me home, gave him romance, pleasure, and the rough handling he craved.

Then Harry began bucking his hips in a harsh rhythm. They locked eyes, watching blood drip from the corner of Dracos mouth. The cock was stretching his lips so roughly. That made Harry stir, his balls were tightening- threatening to spill.
“F-Fuck… wanna come all over you baby” Harry stuttered, his face red hot- sweaty. Draco nodded desperately, popping off the cock, he let a trail of saliva fall from the connection his lips had to his mate’s length. Then grabbed the hilt, pumping it furiously.

“A-Ah” Draco whimpered, wanking his own cock, he felt his own release crawling around in his stomach. Then Harrys hips stumbled, his load blew, hot strips of his cum painting Dracos face beautifully.
Draco whimpered, pushing down on his head he let his release, Cumming in his hand. The feeling of Harry’s spunk on his skin felt too good to be real. It was warm, dripping down his cheek, some landed unto his swollen lips as if to cool or soothe them. His tongue darted out, licking a pearl.
“Delicious” Malfoy croaked out, voice scratchy from the torment. Harry smiled softly, he gave the lips a gentle peck before helping the boy up from his knees.
“I love you, my goddess” Harry spoke, his thumbs rubbing soothing circles into the pointed hip bones of his lover.

Malfoy smiled back, his eyes shining with a light unseen. “I love you too, my King” Draco softly stood forward, embracing Harry into a tight hug. He buried his head in the crook of Harry’s neck, finding comfort in the way Harry rested his stubble-covered chin atop his blonde locks.
It was so warm and felt right.

The people were outraged, yes—so much.
How could they produce an heir? It wasn’t possible for two males, but they found amends when Harry brought up his nephew Teddy who he was the godfather of. He would rule when Harry and Draco were to pass.
This also brought up much controversy since Teddy was a full blood werewolf. The vampire peoples wanted a vampire to rule them, not a race that didn’t understand them.

Draco had stood proudly nonetheless, hand in hand with Harry—both crowned he firmly spoke to all his people
“Harry Potter, King of Newhym, is now in allegiance with the Hollows. A treaty has been signed. There will be no famine, no war, no droughts, no disaster. Not as long as the harmony of all remains intact. Accept this or be executed or cast out—your decision.” Malfoy bellowed, voice reaching his shocked people. Their faces softened however, realising their King had come to a decision.

Harry dragged the King back inside his palace, laughing at the vampire who when doors were shut began to make a childish gesture at the previously open space. His tongue darting out of his mouth as he made a ridiculous sound. Harry found himself falling helplessly for the serious, yet sensual man.

“You really are a piece of work Malfoy” Harry shook his head, running his hand through his locks he watched Malfoy drape himself in his red curtains.

“I can’t help it, I’m extra difficult Just for you Potter” Malfoy said dramatically, pretending to faint wrapped in the velvet drapes.
Harry looked into those silver eyes with adoration. Oh, how destiny had brought them together, to rule for as long as death could chase them.
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